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Rev W D Bridge

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Zion's Herald.

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ALONZO S. WEED,
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A VOICE FROM THE BOSTON ELM.

BY REV. W. S. STUDLEY, D. D.

(Lines read on the presentation to the Methodist preachers of Boston of a chair made of the famous Boston Elm Tree, Feb. 10, 1879.)

A sapling, slender and tall,
I had sturdy roots in the land
When the Mayflower bore, to New England's shore,
Her devoted Pilgrim band.

And among the events I've seen—
The notable things of my life—
Are a nation born, and from tyrannical form
By heroic arms and strife.

Beneath my spreading boughs,
In the days of our patriot sires,
I sheltered those who were Kingcraft's foes,
As they kindled Freedom's fires.

When Otis and Warren flamed,
Ere they came to their early graves,
I saw the tea thrown into the sea
By the band of Indian braves.

Before the Concord fray,
Or the battle on Bunker came,
My head was high in the summer sky,
And I had a glorious name.

For when my lusty limbs
Were tossed by the tempest free,
The sons of men they christened me then
Their "Tree of Liberty."

And the massacre I saw,
Which in King Street stained the ground;
When Attacks, the slave, was sent to his grave—
At last with freedom crowned.

I saw where the signal light
From the old North steeple glowed,
When Paul Revere, d-d of fear,
On his patriot errand rode.

I saw the town besieged
By men waiting powder and ball;
And on Dorchester Height, without a fight,
Saw the British ensign fall.

I saw the nation grow,
After those years of strife,
Till the little "pine tree" was a flag as free
And as full of stars as life.

I saw fair freedom's thought
Enlarge its domain and power,
Till nowhere was found on American ground,
A slave to cringe and cower.

Nor civil affairs alone;
But I've seen, on New England's soil,
A creed and faith as remorseless as death
Burden her sons of toil.

A pitiless faith and creed,
Making the Lord above
A tyrant worse than a demon's curse—
Failing of hate, but love.

Men were taught that they could not do,
And yet that they must or die;
They'd be damned if they wouldn't, and
Damned, for they couldn't.

But ever to "upright" souls
In the darkness arseeth light;
And Jesse Lee, in the shadow of me,
Stood up for the true and the right;

For that grace of eternal life,
Which all of mankind may have
Who will lift their eyes to the Lord of the skies,
And trust His power to save.

And this brave crusader went,
With his simple song and word,
From under my leaves to gather sheaves
For the garner of the Lord.

And I lived to see the hour
When millions followed the way
Which he taught and prayed, in my grateful shade,
On that lovely summer day.

And now, when the sap no more
Shall my broken branches fill,
I rejoice to rest, as a welcome guest,
With the friends of Freedom still.

With those who declare the truth,
Unmarked by doubt or strife,
Where the ways divide—the narrow and wide—
The ways of death and life.

So here I stand and wait;
Your servant willing to be
And pray that you may ever be true
To the honor of Jesse Lee.

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ACCIDENTS TO THE OLD ELM.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1832 IT WAS MUCH

injured by a storm, and its largest limbs were so much cleft asunder as to allow them to rest their branches upon the ground; but they were subsequently at much cost and labor restored to their former position, and were sustained in place by iron bolts and braces. Again it was considerably broken by a gale of wind and rain at 6.30 p. m., June 29, 1860. Once more, by the gale of September, 1869, a large limb, measuring forty-two inches in circumference, was torn from this tree. It was found on examination that this limb was at least one hundred and ninety-two years old.

INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE TREE.

Upon its largest limb it has been supposed that some of the early executions in the Massachusetts Bay Colony took place. If any relic can be placed on traditional lore, which is extremely doubtful, we must believe that the Quakers and Ann Hibbens, the martyr of the witch delusion, were hung from its branches, the former in October, 1659, and the latter in June, 1666.

It is certain that during the revolutionary struggles of America the vicinity of this tree was one of the places of constant resort of the Sons of Liberty, who frequently caused it to be illuminated with lanterns on evenings of rejoicing and festive occasions. At this time it was known as the Liberty Tree, and was so called as late as 1784.

During and previous to the siege of Boston, at the commencement of the revolution, British troops were encamped upon the Common, and in later years, during the last war with Great Britain, American troops in considerable numbers were also encamped all about the tree; yet it was strangely spared by them alike, and received no injury either from friend or foe.

The last distinctly Methodist gathering assembled under the Old Elm was on the 6th of June, 1866, during the session of the New England Methodist Centenary Convention. At the noon intermission of that day, the members of the Convention, numbering several hundreds, with Bishop Simpson and Wm. Claflin, president of the Convention, and many other distinguished ministers and laymen, went upon the Common, and taking their places on the southern side of the Old Elm were photographed by Black. The picture is one of the most remarkable ever taken of so large a company for the extreme accuracy with which the tree and the persons present are reproduced. It will be an historical Methodist picture for generations. Before leaving the hallowed spot the company present surrounded the Elm, and led on by Rev. A. D. Merrill, of blessed memory, they joined right heartily in singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The iron tablet on the fence which surrounded the tree during the last years of its life, gives a brief official summary of its history. It says: "This tree has been standing here for an unknown period. It is believed to have existed before the settlement of Boston, being full grown in 1722, exhibited marks of old age in 1792, and was nearly destroyed by a storm in 1832. Protected by an iron fence in 1854." This, in short, is the history of the tree as far as can be gathered from the writings of those who have given the most attention to the subject.

ITS END COMES AT LAST.

On Tuesday, the 15th of February, 1879, at quarter past seven in the evening, the winter's blast laid this last proud representative of the primeval forest low, and the Great Elm became a thing of the past.

It is something to be profoundly thankful for, that the axe of the woodman was not lifted against this venerable tree; it would have been a desecration bordering upon vandalism to have thus anticipated Providence. It was altogether suitable that in due time the strong winds of heaven should terminate its long and eventful and honorable career.

THE ARM CHAIR.

This chair, which is here before us, and which has been made from an elegant and original design expressly for the use of the Boston Preachers' Meeting, is constructed in the most substantial manner, and carved by hand. It is entirely of the wood of the Old Elm, and touched for by the best authority. It becomes an object of special interest to us, and to all Methodist preachers, and to all members of the Methodist Church in New England, from the fact that the venerable elm of which it is made sheltered its wide-spreading branches the heroic New England pioneer of Methodism, Jesse Lee, when he commenced his ministrations which eventuated in the establishment of Methodism in Boston. Oh, that this silent

wood had a voice to tell us of that day

when the stranger from the far-away South delivered in its presence that first sermon concerning a Gospel that covered all the needs of a ruined world—a Gospel that Boston had never heard!

JESSE LEE.

Certainly it will not be unprofitable for us to glance at the career of this founder of Methodism in New England, and at the same time notice the connection of our denomination with this famous tree, which certainly among Methodists ought forever and always to be known as the Jesse-Lee Elm rather than by any other name. At the Conference held at New York in May, 1789, it was determined to send a preacher into New England, and Jesse Lee, a native of Virginia, was selected for this purpose. He was a man of stalwart proportions, six feet or more in height, and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. He had seen some service in the army of the Revolution, was in middle life, inured to hardship, endowed with unflinching perseverance, and indomitable in his purpose; not educated in the schools, but trained and cultured by much experience and long study of men, with very diligent and exhaustive reading of few books. He was one of those men who impress themselves on all who meet them and was in every respect well qualified for the exceedingly difficult task that had been assigned him.

The first year he spent in opening up new fields in Connecticut, and for the most part his work was confined to the southwestern section of that State and especially the regions contiguous to New York.

LEE COMES TO BOSTON.

In the next year, 1790, Lee was appointed to Boston. He says, himself, "that it was in order, if possible, to establish the Methodist doctrine and discipline, and to raise up a people for the Lord." He made his way to Boston by a most circuitous route through Connecticut, visiting Wilbraham in Massachusetts, thence back again into Connecticut, and again eastward to Providence.

While Lee was thus making his way to Boston, another Methodist preacher was journeying thither by a different route. Freeborn Garretson, from the same Conference of 1790, had passed on through Connecticut, thence eastward through the central part of Massachusetts. Garretson reached Boston July 3d; and July 4th, which was Sunday, he attended church in the morning, and in the afternoon preached in the church which had formerly been occupied by Dr. Mather. On Monday evening he preached again in the same place, and Tuesday he spent in visiting from house to house, finding some who were friendly and some who were formerly Methodists.

On Wednesday he set out for Providence, and strange enough, when he was about half way to that place whom he should meet but Jesse Lee on his way to Boston.

The Sunday that Garretson spent in Boston Lee spent in Providence, and now unexpectedly, and without previous arrangement, they meet upon the highway. Who can tell the feelings of these men of God as they recognized each other? They were strangers in a strange land; they were alike separated from their friends; and for the sake of Christ and His Gospel were denying themselves of all earthly good. While these dusty heroes, like two mounted pickets of a grand army, sat on their horses talking of the way God had led them, a gentleman passing by observed them, and struck by their appearance he engaged in conversation with them, and finally, on learning who they were, invited them to his home. Accepting his offer, they remained together until Friday, when once more they parted, each to his duty and his triumphs.

LEE BEGINS WORK IN BOSTON.

The next day after parting with Garretson, Saturday, July 10th, Lee was looking about in Boston for a place to preach, but failed to find any place where he might gather the people to hear the Word of God. All doors being closed against him, he came to the determination to preach on the Common beneath the hospitable old elm.

He borrowed a table of one living near by, and with his own hands carried it to the protecting tree; and using it for a platform upon which to stand, he took his position and commenced his services. He was a god singer, and as his sonorous voice rang out on the stillness of that Sabbath morning, the passers-by heard it and began to gather about the stranger to see what he prophesied to do.

It is said that the first hymn Lee sang was that one the world has since heard in all its length and breadth, and which we devoutly hope will sing till every soul has heard the joyful tidings of salvation,—

"Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be here!
There need no costly tithing,
For God hath himself provided."

In that one immortal stanza Lee had struck the key-note of new revelation of the Gospel in the old where Calvinism had reigned in dour, soul-discouraging supremacy.

The merest hands were present when he began his service, but the number continued to increase, so that when he concluded his sermon he estimated that the audience amounted to between two and three thousand attentive hearers.

During the week he visited and preached in many places, including Salem, Marblehead, Duxbury, Ipswich and Newburyport, and returned to Boston in season to preach on the Sabbath. Being unable to secure a place in which to hold his service, he went again upon the Common and found a much larger congregation ready to hear him than he had addressed the Sabbath previous.

LEE GENT THE THIRD TIME TO BOSTON.

Asbury and Lee were in perfect accord in regard to the importance of the work in Boston and vicinity, and when the appointments were made at the Conference just noticed, Lee was again assigned to the post of honor and duty he had so heroically held for two years.

The name of the circuit was changed from Boston to that of Lynn, probably in view of the fact that much greater success had been realized there than in Boston. It was at this Conference that Lee was appointed to the Presiding Eldership, while John Bloodgood and Daniel Smith, two excellent and able ministers, were appointed to the Lynn circuit, which included Boston as well as the adjacent country.

THE FIRST CLASS FORMED.

With the combined efforts and labors of these three men there was no organization of Methodist people effected for more than a year, since it was not till the 13th of July, 1792, that the first class was formed, which, in fact, proved to be the original nucleus from which all Boston Methodism has grown. This first class was formed in Boston at the house of Samuel Burrill, on Sheaf St., at the North End, and at the next Conference held in Lynn only a short time after, fifteen members were reported in the Society. Among these first members were Samuel Burrill, Elijah and Daniel Lewis, Abraham Ingersoll, Uriah Tufts, Jacob Hawkins and Mrs. Green.

THE CONDITION OF AFFAIRS AT THE TIME

The condition of affairs at the time the first class was organized cannot be better described than by quoting the words of Lee: "We met with uncommon difficulties here from the beginning, for the want of a convenient house to preach in. We began in private houses, and could seldom get possession of them long. At last we obtained liberty to hold meetings in a school-house; but that, too, was soon denied us. We then rented a chamber in the North End of the town, where we continued to meet a considerable time regularly. The Society then undertook to get them a meeting-house, but being poor and but few in number, they could do but little. We begged money for them in Baltimore, on the eastern shore of Maryland, in Delaware, in Philadelphia, and in New York, and by these exertions we were able to proceed, and began building. On the 28th day of August, 1795, the cornerstone was laid of the first Methodist meeting-house in Boston, the location of which was fixed at the North End and was built of wood, 46x36, with galleries in front and on both sides of the house."

The house went up very slowly, but was formally dedicated amid the thanksgivings and grateful tears of the infant Church. Rev. George Pickering preached

the dedication sermon. His text was

Hag. 2: 19: "From this day I will bless you"—a text full of promise and prophecy, which since then has been most wonderfully and gloriously fulfilled. Thus, at length, after five years of the most extraordinary labors and constant determination to succeed, Lee was blessed with the realization of his long-cherished and long-deferred hopes, and even in "cold, inhospitable Boston" he had organized a society and had erected a commodious and comfortable house of worship.

NOW AND THE FUTURE.

Surely great changes have taken place since the times to which your attention has been called. God has greatly blessed us in all temporal and spiritual mercies. In Boston and its immediate vicinity there are now almost as many Methodist Church members as there were in the place when Jesse Lee opened his commission under the Old Elm; and since the first Methodist church was dedicated here we have gone on building churches in these same localities at the rate of one each year at an average expense of more than twenty thousand dollars.

Instead of the 25,000 members we then had in the whole country, we now have not far from 1,700,000; so that for wealth, numbers and social position we stand at the head of all the Churches in the United States. And best of all, our pulpits throughout the length and breadth of this great land proclaim now, as they have ever done, a full and free salvation, and at the same time teach and encourage the people to expect a conscious, joyous experience of the pardoning grace of God. We preach and enjoy the same "glorious Gospel of the blessed God" that Wesley and Asbury and Lee preached and enjoyed, and today our triumphant souls are ready to exclaim in the language of Charles Wesley, the best hymn-writer of the ages:—

"Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind,
To adore the a-l-mighty Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name."

His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music to his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

O unexampled love!
O all redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst Thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What Thou hast for all mankind done?

O for a trumpet voice
To bid the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all my Saviour died."

In conclusion, the committee venture to express the hope that this chair which we now commit to your keeping, and about which cluster so many precious memories, may be carefully transmitted to future generations, and that in the years to come the blessing of God may rest upon our Church as it has done in the past, and the whole world be speedily brought to the knowledge and love of God as manifest in Jesus Christ our Lord!

RESPONSE OF THE PRESIDENT.

Dr. J. Cummings, the president of the Preachers' Meeting, made some remarks, accepting the chair in behalf of the meeting, and then gave an outline of the speech he would make if time would permit. He stated that the interest in this chair was not simply because it was well made, and was beautiful as a work of art. Such an object in a city so distinguished for culture and taste would attract no special attention. This interest indicates a becoming sentiment of regard for objects that come down to us from the past, too little of which now exists, even in this city, once so rich in historical relics. There is prevalent a prosaic view that estimates such objects only by present utility, and would sacrifice the priceless few that remain to the purposes of commerce and gain.

This chair is associated with one of the greatest men in our Church, one who was second in labor, in endurance and power, only to the heroic Asbury. We are reminded of his zeal for New England, and his earnest plea, persistently urged for five years before it was granted, for permission to preach the Gospel here. Others thought "Methodism could not find a congenial soil among a people so naturally cold and so proverbially calculating, a people who in morals were supposed to be in the frigid zone." But Lee desired to be a missionary to a people regarded as "indurated with doctrinal errors, fond of controversy, alive to creeds and confessions, but dead to faith and calling upon God." "He longed to engrave upon the barren soil of imputed righteousness the living branches of the Gospel."

Receiving at length his appointment, he commenced his work in Connecticut. Having secured, after seven months' incessant toil, five members, he formed them into two classes and gave God the glory that he was beginning to see the fruit of his labors. At length he reached Boston, and not being able to secure any church or hall, on a calm summer afternoon, under the branches of the Old Elm, with the overarching sky as the roof of his temple and the all-comprehending horizon its walls, he proclaimed the message of free salvation to all who would receive it. For months he labored here amid neglect, want, insult and suffering before success was apparent.

It is less than ninety years since Jesse Lee preached his first sermon in Boston under the tree from which this chair was made, but in that time what changes have taken place and what a work God hath wrought!

We are reminded that we succeed the noble men of whom Lee was the type and leader. We are baptized for the dead. To us has come the responsibility of carrying on the work they so gloriously commenced. It is well for us to consider whether we have the same spirit of vital godliness, and whether our highest efforts are to promote, as of the highest importance, the same great principles. We glory in the past with its trials, sufferings and heroism, yet while we receive the gain, perhaps we desire not to share the cost. But it is vain for us to claim to be the children of Abraham unless we have his spirit. Well will it be for us, if we transmit to the coming generations, unimpaired, the rich inheritance we have received!

This chair came from a dead tree. A law of nature never to be annulled thwarted every effort to prolong its life. Such is the law of nature that death follows life. It has been alleged that by a similar law nations have their youth and maturity, to be followed by inevitable old age and death. Is the Church subject to this law? We claim that our Church quickened others that had departed from the primitive faith; may the time never come when another Church will be needed to restore primitive godliness, lost by us through prosperity, worldliness and pride! By the true law of the Church, constituted as it is of succeeding generations, it is ever one, it ever lives in power, being more and more capable of the things that belong to youth and those that appertain to ripeness.

This chair must decay, and in years to come will crumble to dust, but when no trace of it shall remain, may the Church still proclaim and exemplify the truth with undiminished strength and untarnished purity, till the Church on earth shall be gathered to the Church of the first-born under the throne of God!

From our Exchanges.

What is the moral condition of Alaska? ITS VICARIOUS WARDEN—

By Russia; how have they been met by the United States? The Russian Greek Church had a chapel, several schools, a seminary, seven missionary districts, eleven priests and sixteen deacons in Alaska. The American Church finds it hard to raise the pittance needed to maintain two or three teachers there at this hour. Not long ago, out of a school managed by an American lady in Alaska, a white man captured a girl, and when the mother of the girl exhibited her willingness to sell her for twenty blankets, the teacher interfered, but the parents insisted on removing the pupil from school and dragged her down to the river and told her she must take her place in the canoe. The girl drew back and said, "You may kill me. I shall not leave my teacher." And yet you leave that teacher in want of food and shelter, and thus leave hundreds of these pupils—

—they number nearly hundreds now—to be drawn back into paganism, and drawn down from paganism into something yet more horrible!

The Russian Fur Company spent \$6,000 a year to support Christian missions in Alaska, and there were other sources of income there, such that \$10,000 a year came from Russia and the Greek Church into this territory for educational and religious enterprises. After Russia left the territory the benevolent schemes of the Greek Church came into our hands as a sacred trust. General Howard, sent by our government to investigate the religious condition of the territory, made a powerful appeal to the nation to send teachers and missionaries to Alaska. Roman Catholics have endeavored to take possession of the territory. I believe, however, that all told there is not more than the sum of \$3,000 in all going to Alaska now to promote the religious interests of the territory. We are three times more penurious toward Alaska than Russia was under the Greek Church. (See documents by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., missionary in Alaska, and editor of the Rocky Mountain Presbyterian, Denver, Colorado.)

The worst tribe in the territory is made up of unprincipled white men among the miners. There are about 70,000 Indians in Alaska and about 30,000 whites and half-breeds. We are not increasing the numbers of the schools, but we are of the population—and of the half-breeds!

Charles Sumner's spirit stands on the Pacific coast, and from under the shadows of Mt. St. Elias points out to us that in Alaska we have the key to the northern Pacific. Seward's spirit hovers along the Aleutian Islands, looking upon us through the smoke of the ten volcanoes that there belch their fire and ashes toward the sky. John Eliot, through the clear northern azure, spreads his hands above the men of the Yukon. When I turn that way I see behind these historic spirits the angel that appeared to one of old and said, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

Rev. Josiah Cook, in Daily Advertiser.



The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER, LESSON IX.

March 2. Psalm 11: 1-12.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

THE PRAYER OF THE PENITENT.

I. Preliminary.

This Psalm is one of the seven, which since Orlin's time, have been known as the "Penitential Psalms." The others are numbered 1, xxxiii, xxxviii, xl, cxxxv, cxxxviii, cxxxix, and cxxxviii. The occasion for this Psalm is stated in the superscription, and the historical account is found in 2 Samuel, chaps. 11 and 12. Psalm xxxiii is supposed to have been written as a sequel to this after the prayer for pardon had been answered. It is noteworthy that David's terrible fall occurred about B. C. 1034, when he had reigned about twenty years, and when, by reason of advancing age, he would naturally have little cause for the uprising of youthful passions. In a wonderful career of conquest he had humbled the face of his kingdom, and enlarged its borders. Philistines, Moabites, Ammonites, Syrians, and Edomites had been successively subdued, and the bounds of the promised land fully occupied. Philistia—a friendly province—alone excepted. The internal administration of the kingdom had been wisely adjusted, and the religious institutions were ceremoniously established. So confident and secure did David feel in his power, that he entrusted the conduct of the campaign against the Ammonites, who had revolted, to Joab, his chief captain, and remained himself in Jerusalem. Here, one evening, while walking on the roof of his lofty palace, his eye chanced to fall upon the form of a woman who was bathing in the court of a neighboring house; and from that moment the fever of his passion gave him no rest until it plunged him into the blackest abyss of crime, and forever stained his name. He learned that the woman's name was Bathsheba; that she was the granddaughter of his counselor Ahithophel, and the wife of one of his "thirty mighty men." Uriah the Hittite, who was away at the front of the battle with Joab. Such a discovery might have deterred a heathen despot, but David felt.

"Ah, deeper dole! That to suggest a spirit, shined so fair, Should, from the secret of his peers, Decline to look upon his light in Hell's sick spot!"

We have not space here to pursue the drama of lust and blood—to tell how adultery was followed by murder, and these double crimes by David's rebuke and punishment. In the burning confessions of this Psalm we have the clearest portrayal of the anguish of a guilt-burdened soul pleading for pardon and peace.

Let those who regard the magnitude of David's transgression as unaccountable remember that most people overlook in the estimate of this transgression the fact, that however terrible the fatality may have been in this instance, evil always engenders evil, and that he who has fallen once, is by the force of circumstance, ever propended to new transgressions. David had originally no intention to deprive Uriah of his wife, his sole aim being to conceal his sin, as is intimated in 2 Sam. 11: 9-13. David did not write his letter to Joab until his cunning device had proved a failure. He still listened to the voice of conscience, could not persuade himself to "disavow" a crime, could not beg a pure offspring—an illegitimate son, which is commonly called the doctrine of original sin (See Job 14: 4).

Verse 6. *Behold, Thou desirest truth, etc.*—as much as to say: And yet though I have been depraved, though my nature at the very core is corrupt, though desirest purity and truth just there—in the heart itself, in the fountain where are the issues of life. No outward varnish will do. The heart must be right in the sight of God, and He must be called the witness of it. *Know wisdom.*—Christ is called the wisdom of God; to know Him is to know wisdom. *Cowles says:* This verse gives us God's standard of holiness—His ideas of what it really is. Consequently the opposite of this is sin.

Verse 7. *Purge me with hyssop.*—The hyssop branch was used to sprinkle the sacrificial blood (Ex. 12: 22; Lev. 14: 4). "At most all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9: 22). That blood symbolized the sacrifice of Him who "was once offered to bear the sins of many." To be purged by hyssop signified, therefore, an efficacious heart-cleansing. Luther renders it: "Ussin me with hyssop." Tholuck says of the hyssop: This unassuming shrub, which thrives on rubbish and walls, symbolical of Divine condescension, mixed with the noble wood of the cedar, symbolical of Divine majesty, used to be employed in purification from sin (Num. 19: 6) and leprosy, which latter may be regarded as the symbol of sin. *Whiter than snow.*—The cleansing blood leaves no stain behind. The vilest, blackest heart to which this blood is applied, is turned snow-white, even whiter than snow.

Verse 8. *Joy and gladness.*—These could come only through forgiveness. The only words that could bring to this penitent gladder were the assuring words of pardon. *Bones*—a very forcible image to express the utterly crushed, helpless, prostrate condition in which David found himself. His whole inner self was dislocated, fractured and racked with torture under the smiting of conscience and the law of God. He longed to have the ache cease, the articulations re-knit, and to feel the joy of restoration and soundness once more. Says Cowles: Whatever took hold of the soul, the Hebrew thought and spoke of as the "bones."

Verse 9. *Hide Thy face from my sins.*—To "hide the face," or cover the eyes, was to cease to look, and hence to cease to be angry. Another expression was to "cast them behind the back." The effect would be the same as to "blot them out" from the book of remembrance.

Verse 10. *Create in me a clean heart.*—Renew my nature; purify my affections; take away all desire for sin; it longed to have only to create—let Thy almighty power create in me a holy heart—

"A heart in every thought renewed, And filled with love divine, Perfect, and pure, and good, A copy, Lord, of Thine."

Verse 11. *Cast me not away.*—Reject me not, though I deserve it, from communion with Thee. *Take not Thy Holy Spirit.*—David, of course, had narrower views than we, by a fuller revelation, hold of the personality, power, and grace of the Holy Spirit, but it would be a violent supposition to imagine that the inspired writer of the Psalm knew not by experience the sweetness of His indwelling, and did not feel most keenly the privation of His presence.

Verse 12. *Restore unto me, etc.*—Says

Cowles: This joy had for a long time ceased from his heart, while his troubled conscience and his guilty unrest had filled his soul with agony. *Uphold*—sustain. *Free spirit*—Free from the bondage of sin, and willing to walk with God (Murphy).

Verse 13. *Then will I teach transgressors.*—The saved make the best teachers. The forgiven are eloquent in persuading others to seek the same grace. The warm glow of recently converted, or restored, or illumined heart casts an influence which is almost irresistibly contagious. When saints are revived, sinners will be converted.

IV. Gleanings.

"The rock is smitten, and to future years Springs ever fresh the tide of holy tears, And holy music, whispering peace, Till time and sin together cease." (Keeble).

2. How often is the folly of a moment the anguish of a life! In one instant a deed is done, a choice is made,

And there comes a mist, and a weeping rain, And life is never the same again."

There are but two ways by which men grievously fall; the one is by the sudden access of temptation, the other by the subtle corrosion of some besetting sin. But into the latter, if we be true to the voice within us, we cannot fall, because innocence is nature's wisdom, and conscience faithfully cherished makes it more terrible, more difficult to yield than to resist (Farfar).

3. Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will not spare you. It is your murderer, and the murderer of the world; use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used. Kill it before it kills you; and though it be able to kill your bodies, it shall not be able to kill your souls; and though it bring you to the grave, as it did your Head, it shall not be able to keep you there. If the thoughts of death, and the grave, and rottenness be not pleasant to you, hearken to every temptation to sin as you would hearken to a temptation to self-murder, and as you would do if the devil brought you a knife, and tempted you to cut your throat with it; so do when he offereth you the bait of sin. You love not death; love not the cause of death (Baxter).

4. Who is called "the man after God's own heart" David, the Hebrew king, had fallen into sins enough—blackest crimes—there was no want of sin. And therefore the unbelievers sneer and say: "Is this your man 'according to God's heart?'" The sneer, I must say, seems more to me a shallow one. What are faults, what are the outward details of the life, the inner secret of it—the remorse, the temptations, the often baffled, never-ended struggle of it—be forgotten? David's life and history, as written for us in these Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul toward what is good and best. Struggle often baffled—some baffled—driven as into entire wreck, yet a struggle never ended, ever with tears, a repentance, true unconquerable purpose began anew (Carlyle's *Hero and Hero-Worship*).

5. He who tempers the wind to the weak soul, also the temptation to the weak soul. He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust. Oh, in that her multitude who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, think not that there are only the dauntless and the powerful, the great in heart and the strong in faith; no, there are many of the weak and the timid, many of the obscure and the ignorant, many of the shrinking and the suffering there. We saw not, till they were unfolded for the sight of death, their angel wings. Yes! Jacob, once a mean trickster, and Aaron, once a weak apostate, is there; and Rahab, the harlot, and David, the adulterer; and Mary, the weeping Magdalene, and Matthew, the converted publican, and Dysmas, the repentant thief; many as frail, many as fallen, many as sinful as the weakest and the worst of us; but there are no stains on their white robes now; there is no weakness or meanness in their regenerated spirits now, and the solemn agony has faded from their brows (Farfar).

V. Questions.

1. Which Psalms are called "Penitential Psalms?"

2. At what period in David's life was this Psalm written, and what circumstances led to its composition?

3. How can we account for such terrible crimes in the case of a good man like David? For how long a period, probably, did he remain unrepentant to God?

4. What evidence of the previous character of the writer of this Psalm do we get from its tone and contents?

5. For what did he especially pray at the opening of this Psalm, and under what metaphors? Explain the terms "wash," "cleanse," "blot out."

6. What evidence do we have that David did not stultify his conscience?

7. How do you explain, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned?"

8. What was David's idea of original sin?

9. What was his idea of the piety which God demands? of the purity which would follow the Divine cleansing? Explain the hyssop.

10. For what regeneration did David pray? What knowledge had he of the Holy Spirit?

11. What fruits did he promise to bring forth "meet for repentance?"

At a meeting of the trustees of Boston University, held last Dec., notice was received of a cash gift of \$12,000 to form the nucleus of a professorship in the College of Liberal Arts. A lady also presented \$2,000 as a nucleus of the fund for the endowment of a woman's professorship in the same college. Hon. Wm. Beach Lawrence, LL. D., of New York, R. L., has offered a prize of \$50 to be given to the member of the Law School who will write the best essay on "Foreign Judgments, their Force and Effect." The essay will be read next class-day. Hon. Francis Wharton is delivering a course of lectures before the Law School on the "Conflict of Laws." Of the members of the Medical Faculty fourteen received a part of their professional education in Germany.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

Wholesale Market.

Feb. 18, 1879.

FLOUR—Superfine, \$3.00 @ 3.25; extra, \$2.75 @ 3.00; No. 1, \$2.50 @ 2.75; No. 2, \$2.25 @ 2.50; No. 3, \$2.00 @ 2.25; No. 4, \$1.75 @ 2.00; No. 5, \$1.50 @ 1.75; No. 6, \$1.25 @ 1.50; No. 7, \$1.00 @ 1.25; No. 8, \$0.75 @ 1.00; No. 9, \$0.50 @ 0.75; No. 10, \$0.25 @ 0.50.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—\$1.50 @ 2.00 per 100 lb.

RYE FLOUR—\$2.50 @ 3.00 per 100 lb.

CORN MEAL—\$1.25 @ 1.50 per 100 lb.

CORN—Mixed and Yellow, \$0.25 @ 0.30; bush.

OATS—\$0.25 @ 0.30; bush.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1879.

What an illustration we are now having (not enjoying) in Congress of the benumbing effect upon conscience of party politics. In the almost evenly-divided condition of the States between the two parties, the loss of one becomes a serious matter; so Republican and Democrat hasten to be the first in the wretched movement to perform an act of unprecedented national injustice towards Chinese immigrants, in order to secure the vote of California. Men whom we could hardly suppose equal to such a wrench upon their better sentiments and moral convictions, join in the unchristian outrage against these inoffensive and diligent foreigners, whom God has sent, for the wisest purposes, to our shores. The men in Congress whose voices have given echo to the ignorant, narrow and wicked denunciations of "sand lot" orators will be ashamed of their published speeches hereafter, if they are permitted to live but a few years longer, while such a speech as that of Stanley Matthews, eloquent, able, patriotic and Christian, like charity, will cover a multitude of political mistakes and sins. Senators Hoar and Hamlin also did justice to their New England birth. There is something amazing in the abruptness, and in the majorities, by which this infamous piece of legislation has been passed through the House and brought before the Senate, while nearly all the religious sheets in the country, and most of the leading secular prints, have protested against it. It is based on wrong, and cannot ultimately prevail, for God always in His providence finally establishes the right. The Chinese has just as good a right here as the Irishman, or the Frenchman, or the Italian, and, properly educated, makes just as useful a citizen. Proper police restraint is necessary over the raw importations into New York city as well as in San Francisco.

The Iniquitous bill has finally passed the Senate, receiving only one affirmative New England vote. That is, we are sorry to say, of James G. Blaine. It is to be hoped that President Hayes has the courage and justice to return the act to the House with his veto, and the reasons for it.

The reports of dreadful suffering, incident to the strikes and business stoppages in England, increase in pathetic intensity as the weeks roll on. In Liverpool, in a population of 575,000, thirty thousand are dependent upon public aid. The administration of Disraeli, which had won so much popular reputation at the close of the Russo-Turkish war, is exposed to a terrible strain, with its Afghanist and African wars upon its hands, its immense expenses in Cyprus, all adding to the public burden in this hour of unprecedented calamities, and with the enforced poverty and suffering of tens of thousands of laboring men. These are hours and events that test the abilities of the highest human intellects; and happy is that nation whose Christian citizens, in such exigencies, seek devoutly for that wisdom which cometh down from above, and the interposition of that Hand which alone can insure national prosperity. In parallel columns with recitals of the sufferings of the populations of manufacturing cities in England, we read, as we might expect, of the noble and self-sacrificing gifts and efforts of benevolent men and women to meet these greatly-increased claims of impoverished families. This is the heroism of modern days, and it is of the same quality, though differently expressed, of that of the glorious martyrs of other eras. To sacrifice for others is as brave and beautiful as to die at the stake.

England has now an aboriginal war upon her hands in addition to all her other calamities. For years the native Africans on the outskirts of the settlements at Cape Colony, South Africa, have given the English forces on the border trouble. They have acquired military skill and civilized implements of war in their intercourse with their foreign neighbors, and far surpassing them in numbers, have made, in latter years—instituted, possibly, by abuses on the part of depredators from the colonists—serious raids. The last, the accounts of which have just been received, are especially alarming. A corps of the English army on the frontier has been cut in pieces. Five hundred men with their officers fell while resisting the thousands of black warriors that poured in suddenly upon them. Still more alarming rumors have been telegraphed, but their correctness is doubted. The English government is said

the most vigorous measures to repel this invasion and punish these uncivilized foes. There is no doubt what the result will be, although many English homes will be filled with sorrow by the deaths of beloved relatives sacrificed to secure this end, and an immense amount of treasure will be poured forth. The native tribes will be terribly punished and their lands taken from them. Thus Christian nations subdue barbarous peoples to the civilization of the Prince of Peace! It is an utterly unsatisfactory, uneconomical and very protracted process. Is there not a better and more effectual way? Is there no way of redeeming a heathen people but by shooting down a generation of two like wild beasts?

A powerful and blessed revival of religion is now enjoyed by the Harvard Street M. E. Church, Cambridge. Rev. Brothers McDonald and Wood are availing the pastor, Rev. W. E. Huntington. The whole Church seems to enter into the work with great devotion and fervor, and to share in the benefits of this fresh baptism of the Spirit. The brethren who have brought such grateful aid to the work must now leave for other engagements, but the efficient instrument, the Holy Spirit, abides ever with the Church, and the work need not cease. We trust it will rather gather in power than lose its force in coming weeks. We hear of other interesting spiritual movements. A brother from the Cape writes for aid; every evening finds a good congregation present at his services, and manifesting a desire for spiritual blessings. It would be a blessed preparation for our spring Conferences if a revival flame could wrap all our Churches during the few preceding weeks that now intervene.

Do you wish to know your calling in life? Look both within and without. See what you want and what other people want of you. Neither is a complete guide; both together are next to infallible. You are to begin within. The natural and gracious talents with which you are furnished, and the aspirations kindled in your soul, are presumably on the line of Providence. You need to be sure it is a real and permanent interest—not a temporary fancy; that you have a genuine love for that line of work, and that it grows upon you with increased familiarity. With this inner fitness and aspiration there may come no immediate outward opening. No public may be prepared for the new prophet, especially if your calling be in an exceptional line on which the people themselves are to be prepared. But ordinarily the inward movement will find a response in the outer world; Providence will answer to the cry of the heart, and what you earnestly desire to do will become possible to you in the unfolding of life's scroll. Intense desire to travel a certain road will never yield to slight obstacles. Try and try again; but if after long trial no avenue opens, you may take it for granted that Providence does not call in that direction.

When the heart surrenders itself to enemy against God, the head worships at the shrine of folly. It is "the fool," says Holy Writ, who "hath said in his heart there is no God." An example of this truth lately appeared in a high place. A professor in a Scotch University has affirmed, in opposition to Moses, that "the sudden apocalypse of a material world out of blank nonentity cannot be imagined." He then proceeds to declare his belief that the earth "has always existed in some form or other as an eternal constituent of the universe." This is saying that the eternity of matter is thinkable, but that its creation by the command of the infinite One is not thinkable. Whereas, any mind not blinded by the folly which desires to reject God from the universe, will intuitively reverse these propositions, and claim that worlds framed as ours must have had an intelligent cause and therefore a beginning. This point conceded, there is no difficulty in thinking, not the process, but the fact of the universe springing from nonentity into being at the word of the Creator. But when a man's heart rebels against the God of the Bible, his intellect will naturally recoil from the truth recorded in His Word, and what is clear to the man of faith will be dark to the child of unbelief.

To sit "calm on tumult's wheel" because of faith in God's care, is the privilege of the "sons of God." Such calmness is very different from that almost demonic self-possession of Napoleon which he always displayed on the "morning of a great battle." The latter was the proud confidence of genius in triumph about to be won at the cost of unimaginable suffering which he counted as nothing in comparison with his personal glory. The former is the confidence of a child in Him who reigns over all things and all men in love.

NURTURE IN THE CHURCH.

One of the leading and honored members of the Wesleyan (English) Conference lately urged, with great earnestness, the importance of establishing some ordinance in the Church similar to confirmation in the Episcopal body, in order to save the children to the denomination, as well as to conduct to their spiritual well-being. This he esteemed to be an important "missing link" in the otherwise complete chain of Christian institutions in the discipline of the Church.

We are equally impressed, with the thoughtful and loyal Wesleyan, in reference to the importance of bringing the children of the Church at an early age into positive personal relations with its communion; still we do not see that there is any "missing link" in our system of gracious means, but abundant and particularly wise provisions for accomplishing the object so much to be desired. Our plan of probationary Church membership accomplishes the object in a much more effectual way

than a sharp, distinct, single ordinance, which readily admits into the fellowship of the Church persons who have no conscious religious life or experience, and exposes a Christian body to be filled with unconverted members. We do not mean to say that this is necessarily the case. Many clergymen are specially faithful in preparing their classes for examination to receive the ordinance at the Bishop's hand, and tender the occasion of confirmation one of remarkable solemnity and impressiveness, but the act is not unfrequently looked upon as simply the proper thing to happen in the case of every young member of a Christian family at a certain age, and is simply a formal initiation into the Christian Church, to which baptism in infancy had given them a legitimate right.

But by the probationary system of our Church any person, young or old, may be received into its religious classes and into preliminary relations with the Church itself, to be instructed and led forward, until persuaded of the divine work of grace in the heart, the instructed and converted believer is received into the full fellowship of the body. Such should be the relation to the Church of all the members of our Sunday-schools; they are connected with it for no higher purpose than to yield their hearts and lives to Christ and to receive the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Every Sunday-school teacher should be considered and enrolled upon the Church book as a class-leader, and every child should be inscribed upon the same record in some capacity, either as a probationer or a member in full. Of course this should not be done without ample explanation and prayerful persuasion. With young children scarcely any objection would be made, and if any it would doubtless be inspired at their homes; but wise, kind, devout and persistent endeavor would overcome this. This formal relation would of itself have a powerful, restraining and inspiring influence over a child, and would become the medium through which a direct and effective approach could be made to the heart of the youth. The teacher would feel a profound sense of Christian duty and responsibility as to the constant watch-care and spiritual direction of these young class members. The pastor could work more directly through the teacher and aid in this task of evangelizing and feeding the lambs of the flock. Attending the monthly gatherings of the Board, and meeting constant inquiries in reference to the spiritual condition of the class, the teacher's apprehension of the importance and solemnity of the work would be greatly enhanced.

Just as early as the unmistakable fruits of the Spirit are witnessed, these young persons should be brought into the bosom of the Church and permitted to enjoy all her established ordinances. A lack of a phenomenal conversion, if love to Christ, to His sanctuary, to His Word, and to His people, is discovered, is of no consequence. "Bodily exercise profiteth little." Tender, holy and spiritual affections are only born of the Holy Ghost, and when these appear the "new birth" is ushered in; the tender, delicate, young life of heaven in the soul has commenced its existence and only needs to be properly nursed and nurtured to grow into a perfect manhood in Christ Jesus.

If such a course as this were taken our children would carry about with them a feeling that they were young Christians of whom Christian tempers and acts would rightfully be expected. They would be aided in resisting temptations to visit questionable places of amusement and in avoiding improper companions, while they would be drawn to the social exercises of the Church, and their life habits be formed under these gracious influences. Besides this, and of greater moment, being thus within the arms of the Church and embraced by its closest ties, they would share in all the spiritual influences that fall upon her, and be little liable to wander away into the world and into unbelief. The child would never have that demoralizing sense of being without moral restraint or obligation, but would always feel the wholesome pressure of that blessed sense of duty to Christ and His Church which is such a safeguard to those who are older. It would bring these young persons into such relations to the pastor and adult members that they could hardly avoid rendering them the pastoral and fraternal services which the bonds of Christian fellowship require. The Sunday-school teacher would seek regular occasions, in addition to the Sunday-school hour, to meet the class and engage in religious exercises; would be likely to follow them when wandering, visit them when sick, and so watch over them as an under shepherd, expecting to give an account to the great Bishop and Shepherd of all souls.

Two ends would be gained by such a course: There would not be a great body of religiously-educated, tender children, in the habit of praying, and being prayed for, growing up around our Churches and within our church walls, holding no personal connection with it, with no settled religious habits, hardening weekly against Scriptural instruction, and rapidly approaching a period in life, when, dropping out of the Sunday-school, they will drop away from attendance upon the sanctuary and fall into worldly and irreligious courses.

Secondly, we shall not lose out of our own communion so many of our young people. Not holding any positive relations with us, they now readily float upon the strongest social tides in the community, and these often bear them away into other Churches. We

need their influence, their labors, and their substance hereafter, in support of our institutions; and with the nurture they have had, they will be likely to do better spiritually among us. If they are united with us by a recognized bond (not an iron one, indeed, but one only to be voluntarily broken) they will be disposed to remain with us and grow up to consecrate their lives in our communion.

THE RUSSIAN PLAGUE.

Immense excitement exists in the Russian province of Astrakhan and neighboring territories, on account of the appearance of the dreaded plague which in times past has so fearfully devastated various parts of Asia and Europe. Russian journals report that the epidemic is now carrying off thousands daily, and is so relentless that ninety-five per cent of those attacked succumb.

The Russian authorities are sending the most skillful physicians to the scene of suffering, who telegraph back the most discouraging reports. The disease spares none, and the dead bodies lie in the open street and plains, because in some places there are not enough living to bury the dead. The malady seems to yield to no remedies, and the feverish excitement of the people induces them to resort to the most energetic measures to combat it. Wherever it appears, whole villages are burned with a view to stamp it out with fire, while the strictest quarantine is being enforced by military cordons that will soon extend for thousands of miles along the frontier. All the civil and army physicians that can be spared are hastening to the scene of suffering.

Prominent lines of railroad are virtually stopped, and communication with the districts and the government are kept up by routes that are crooked and little peopled, so as not to give food to the great destroyer. The origin of this fearful plague is attributed to the Cosacks, who on returning from the scene of war, brought with them many of the clothes of the infected bodies from the battle-fields. They found in their homes all the elements to feed this feverish disease—bad drinking water, miserable cabins, a high degree of filth, poor nourishment, and a rainy season. The mortality on the Volga and the Caspian has therefore been deep and widespread, and the spotted typhus soon turned into a veritable plague.

But so far the greatest precautions of government and people have been unavailing, and the monster moves on with giant strides, notwithstanding the help of all kinds sent to them, and the fearfully strict measures of the authorities. The wisest physicians are at a loss to say just what it is, but most of them occur in saying that it is fast taking the form of "black death" that has several times devastated, and nearly depopulated, the world, although it was first hoped that it was the "spotted typhus," as this is. In the presence of "black death" they are powerless and no remedy on record has ever seemed to reach it. If it be the "black death," it is the most fearful scourge the ever visited the human race. All to wars of Napoleon did not carry off so many of the race at one visit of this scourge.

This terror raged at one time in Greece, and at another in Rome. The first verified account of this plague was its appearance in the year 542 of the Christian era, under the rule of the Emperor Justinian. It then ravaged the known world, and is supposed to have carried away one-fourth of the human race. P. O. trembling humanity then learned for the first time the worst of all the ills that it is heir to. Never was so much misery and suffering among men since the world began. All the bonds of religion, society and the States seemed dissolved. The disease sported with every effort to contest its progress.

It ravaged the earth three times during the reign of Justinian, and remained a constant enemy during the Middle Ages. By several centuries the "black death" shook the whole frame-work of society, and it seemed as if the world must succumb to its attacks. The superstitions of the period added a fearful sting to suffering, making it mental as well as physical, and thus increasing its ravages.

This plague visited Europe for the last time in 1713; though it has reigned in some form in Turkey, after nearly every war, as now. In the Russian campaign, 1828 and '29, thousands of Russian soldiers fell victims to the disease after the exposure of war and the fatigue of crossing the Balkans. And since that time certain portions of the coast have been visited, but the epidemic did not reach Europe. But now the dreadful visit to men thought crowded back into Asia and Africa, appears again on European soil, and starts as if it meant to devastate the continent.

And the conditions for its journey are greatly facilitated by the improved and rapid means of travel, while medical science seems as yet to know but little more of the ways to combat it. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the excitement is very great in neighboring European lands. Russia is exerting every nerve to invent restrictive measures, while Austria is almost as busy. The physicians of the latter country seem to be giving to the subject the most intelligent study, while the authorities are forming quarantine cordons of troops and health officers. It is probable that all the ports of the Levant will soon be virtually closed for ingress or egress, and that the combined powers of Europe will act together in the most effective sanitary measures. Nervous ones are, of course, asking

the anxious question: "Can this plague possibly visit Europe? Can it come, for instance, to the great capital of Vienna, as in times past, and cut down nearly half of the population?"

Under the present circumstances it seems hardly possible. Although sanitary men may not know just how to meet the special disease with special remedies, they do know how to stamp out the general causes. And in the Russian and Austrian cities, on the borders, they are already bringing the poor out of dark and damp basements, and putting them into improvised shelter in open and well-ventilated places, and are everywhere clearing away filth and fumigating foul places. Any cleansing and disinfecting process is good, and this needs to be supplemented by fresh air and nourishing food. All Europe, therefore, seems to be arming for the conflict, and it will ere long be settled whether modern intelligence and sanitary science cannot successfully contest the progress of an enemy that so fearfully devastated the country amidst the filth of the Orient and the ignorance of past times.

Editorial Items.

Bishop Peck, in an interesting account of his late episcopal travels and services at the South, in a letter to the *Northern Christian Advocate* from Atlanta, intimates, in a kind of grim pleasantry, that his colleague, Bishop Haven, is, as ever, busily engaged in his Southern district "striking up shingles." Whatever he may be amusing himself about in his episcopal seat, in his northern letters, especially in the last just contributed to the *Independent*, he is engaged in much more serious and important business. Either Bishop Haven deliberately sits, as coming under his notice, what is absolutely false, or the Church would give a graphic sketch of the North most protest in every public and legal form against indignities, abuses, and brutalities to American citizens that no Christian freeman can be cognizant of, and remaining silent, preserve his self-respect. Gen. Davis, from Mississippi, heretofore a member of the Democratic party, but last year a candidate of the National party, before the Teller Committee in Washington, on the continued intimidation offered to his audience during the late canvass, the violence suffered by those who attempted to support him, the impossibility of securing a defense of person or of rights from any State court or magistrate, and ended by declaring that this was the worst outrage of the government upon the earth, in its inability to offer its citizens a sentiment which we are quite inclined to accept. But Bishop Haven gives several specific incidents that reveal a condition of things hardly possible in any other Christian government in the world. Of the remains of the late Judge Chisholm—who was shot down, as the country well knows, by a mob in Kemper County, Mississippi, the Bishop

"It has not yet been possible, I have lately learned, to remove the bullet-riddled and blood-soaked ashes of the Chisholm father, son and daughter. A gentleman who visited Gainesville, near Kemper County, to bid good-bye to the depot-master there said a hundred men have sworn to prevent that sacred mission. Despite Northern liberality of purse and person to that fever-stricken State, the removal of these sacred remains would not be allowed, nor would the bodies be allowed to rest in peace. How much less will the excreta of a freedman's privy be permitted, unquestioned and peaceful, at their place of burial."

He relates this incident as illustrating the manner in which the ballot is torn from the hand of the voter unless his political creed is in accordance with the majority:—"Marshall, a leading town of northeastern Texas, had held an exciting election. The heavy Republican majority of twelve hundred had been intimidated and intimidated into what was supposed a minority; but, probably, by foolishly allowing one of that party to be elected, the result was a disaster. The collector and his officers, and the collector, despite all efforts, there was still a majority of three hundred for the county ticket. The district judge, Mr. Marshall, who was a collector, and his officers, and the collector, they were re-elected. But they must go, so a body of men fled into the court-room, and ordered them to leave. The judge, of that border, to 'git.' And they 'git.' Judges, sheriff, all left their seats and the chamber which they had legally won by the concession of their enemies. What is law worth in that country? The one who should presume to buy land from a sheriff's sale there, or of the land of a sheriff, what is it worth? Or life, or liberty, or any other treasure dear to man?"

The fifteen annual report of the Board of State Charities of Massachusetts is very interesting. The speakers were limited to ten minutes, and six very effective speeches were made which are here reported, the most elaborate one being that of our honored delegate, Rev. W. R. Clark, D. D. We wish the largest society, this year, to do the most important society.

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While the Bishop was at Shreveport, he says:—"A host was coming up the Red River (rightly named, red with streams of Union blood) bearing witnesses to testify to a United States court concerning the outrages that had occurred in that vicinity. It landed, ostensibly, for trade or passenger, and have never been heard from since. They will never be until the grave shall give up its dead and the great day of His wrath shall come. Such is the protection the mighty majesty of the United States grants her witnesses, whom she summons to her courts, and allows to be hung on the gallows, and makes no signs of wrath or even of complaint. And those who seized them were Indians, she would have ravaged all that settlement with fire and sword, unless the murderers had been given up; and, when given up, she would have hung them on the gallows, and made no signs of wrath or even of complaint. 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The Family.

NEARNESS WITH THEE.

BY REBECCA R. PIERCE.

In nearness, Lord, with Thee,
In sacred nearness, with Thy presence blest
O'ershadowing me with quiet, peaceful rest,
I evermore would be.

In peace I shall abide,
If all my confidence on Thee is stayed;
For none shall ever find their trust betrayed
Who in Thy love confide.

Gladly I seek Thy face;
Peace the vain world gives not I shall receive.
When I Thy blessed word of pardon do be-
lieve
Through Thy full grace.

And, therefore, I would fain
Come unto Thee with every grief and care—
With all my sins; though great the load I
bear,
I shall not seek in vain.

Even at Thy dear feet—
Thou, who dost not the vilest sinner spurn—
Like Mary I would humbly sit and learn
A lesson pure and sweet.

Teach me each day anew
All that Thou wouldst my wayward heart
should know;
Make plain the path where Thou wouldst
have me go,
Thy holy will to do.

So shall I rise at last,
Strengthened and purified by Thy rich
grace,
Where I shall see the glory of Thy face,
When all life's storms are past.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

[Miss Frances E. Willard's Address before the
Citizens' League for the Prevention of the Sale of
Liquor to Minors, at Fawcett Hall, Chicago.]

"Another little wave
Upon the sea of life,
Another soul to save
Among its toll and strife;
"Two more little hands
To work for good or ill,
A little thoughtless brain,
A little untaught will.

"Two more little feet
To walk the dusty road,
And choose, where two paths meet,
The narrow or the broad."

How have we helped them choose, in the
devious paths of this great and
wicked city—who call ourselves
disciples of Him who took up little
children in His arms and blessed them,
saying, "Of such is the kingdom
of heaven?" Let the police courts answer
with their records of six or seven thou-
sand annual arrests of persons under
age, making one-fourth of the entire
number arrested in the year. Let the
young prisoners at the Bridewell an-
swer, and the inmates of the House of
Correction. Let the thirty thousand
children whose habit it has been to fre-
quent the saloons we license and pro-
tect, give in their testimony, particu-
larly the twelve thousand who go from
one hour in Sunday-school to spend
the rest in street-corner primary, pool-
alley secondary, and saloon and dance
house high schools, tuition free and di-
plomas thrown in. Ask the little tat-
tledomies who are going through our
streets to-night, with hats doubled
up ready for a fight, or else, slumped
lightly grasped in their hard little fin-
gers, and who find no place warm, light
and ready with its welcome, save the
saloon. Suppose they should come to
us and ask for quarters better adapted
to their years, what puzzled-looking
good people we should be! The man
who drew the costly elephant was not
half so near his wit's end as we should
be! And yet, when one thinks about a
child's simplicity, virtue so sweet and
rare that its possession by a man ren-
ders him beloved and famous; when one
thinks of a child's candor, suprem-
est grace of mature life; of a child's
kindness, the sunshine of all charac-
ter; and a child's faith, coveted ard-
ently as it is vainly by the worldly wise,
one would think the mute appeal of so
much innocence and helplessness as
little children show, would surely win
our hearts to active helpfulness on their
behalf. But no! self-hood outbids oth-
er-hood by a large premium even yet,
and Christ's spirit must permeate the
outer circles of society and government
as it will not for some time yet, before
the cry of the children shall drown the
voice of greed.

"How long?" they say, "how long, O cruel
nation,
Will you stand to move the world on a
child's heart?
Stifle down with malediction its palpitant,
And tread onward to your thrones amid
the mart;
Our blood flashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And its purple shows your path;
But a child's sob, in the silence, curses
deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

But surely it is an open field of cheer-
the work of the Citizens' League for the
suppression of the sale of liquor to mi-
nority. May it be the precursor of many
others like itself, which shall help soci-
ety to become the foster parent of thou-
sands worse than motherless.

There are two explanations of the
need for such an effort as these gentle-
men have made in the past year, with
so much patience and success. First,
the ruinous examples and false teach-
ings set before the young by those who
should have been their guardians and
their guides; and secondly, the inex-
plicable apathy of Christian voters, who
in these days hold the balance of power
in almost all communities.

At the wide and welcoming door of
the saloon, two classes of boys and of
young men part company. Those who
were wisely reared in sheltered homes
are likely to go on, while those who
have had no homes, no teaching, whose
mothers died when they were little fel-
lows, are likely to go in. Those whose
fathers had wine on their tables and
beer in their cellars, and who sneered
at total abstinence as fanaticism, go in,
while those fathers stood firm, and whose

true to total abstinence and emphasized
their precepts by a straightforward ex-
ample are likely to go on. The young
men whose Bible-class teacher said the
pledge should not be circulated in his
class, and whose breath is a reminder
of the decenter and the beer mug, are
likely to go in; but those whose teach-
er insisted more on the stories of Na-
zarite and Rehebe than of Cain and
Jacob, are likely to go on. The young
men whose pastor taught that "he who
striveth for the mastery is temperate in
all things," and that rational and con-
sistent temperance means the moderate
use of things harmless, and total absten-
tence from things of doubtful tendency,
are likely to go on. The boys whose
mother gave them a "Thus saith na-
ture, thus saith reason, thus saith the
Lord, for total abstinence, as well as for
truth-telling and honesty," are likely to
go on, while the boys whose mothers
loved them just as well and taught
them other good habits, but not this one
of total abstinence, are likely to go in.
For what we build into a boy's charac-
ter is all we have a right to expect to
get out of it.

In the light of these facts and of the
other reason for the drinking habits of
our youth (the protection derived by
the saloon from our own laws), think
of the hanging that took place in Chi-
cago on the 21st of June. Two ignorant
young Irishmen, educated at street-cor-
ners and in saloons (one of them a mi-
nor), had been paid off at the Stock
Yards, and took their wild way over in-
to the city. They stopped all along the
road to drink, liquor being freely sold
there, though their appearance plainly
showed that delirium was swiftly tak-
ing possession of their brains. In this
drunken escapade one of them killed a
man who they had never seen until
they met him on the street, in the craze
of the alcohol dream.

Besides this, both threatened other
pedestrians, men and women, who only
escaped by running for their lives. They
were both tried and condemned togeth-
er. Sherry, the elder, aged 23, having
made the most blood-thirsty demonstra-
tions, and Connolly, who was not 21
years of age, having dealt the fatal
blow. It was a useful sentence, in the
interest of humanity. But we know by
centuries of demonstrations that in nine
cases out of ten human beings are "not
themselves" when they commit atroc-
ities like these. But if they are not
themselves, why are they not? Be-
cause beverages containing poisons that
madden men's brains are freely and
publicly sold in shops legalized for that
purpose by the city government! Friends,
in the calm, steady light of
history, these facts will thrill with hor-
ror those who come after us, when faith
and work, prayer, persecution and edu-
cation, man and woman, pledge and
all with God's Spirit working mightily
in all of them, shall burn and blast this
awful curse, and drive it down to the pit
that is bottomless. The terrors of the
Inquisition and the bloody reign of
Robespierre will pale their ineffectual
fires before this record we are making,
when blazing justice holds it up to the
examination of posterity. Where are the
saloon-keepers who sold the crazing
draught to Sherry and Connolly on that
day of their death? They are selling still.
But their hands helped to braid the
ropes which tightened around the
young men's necks on Hangman's
Day in June. Where are the men who
signed their license to sell? They
helped to erect the gallows from which
the wretched young ruffians swung
out into the presence of the God of jus-
tice. Where are the voters who delib-
erately declared that saloons in Chicago
shall be made sacred by the protecting
egis of law? They helped build the
scaffold which the guilty victims mount-
ed on their short road to a shameful
death. As worlds above us see things,
what a travesty of justice was their tak-
ing off!

My brothers, you will stand again
before the ballot-box to make the same
decision. Oh, when you do, listen to
the pleading voices of those you love
the best—the women who pray and
watch to see these streets made safer
for the boys who must soon go out to
take their chances with the rest. Hear
the temperance workers of the land,
whose ears are weary with the moans
of the heart-broken and the lost, as they
bid you gaze upon the panoramas so
often seen by them as they look out
over the Republic in this hour of its
struggle and its humiliation. Look
younder at the pitiful procession led off
by hundreds of poor creatures, most of
them young. Note their wandering,
uncertain footsteps, weak, aimless
hanks, gibbering lips, vacant faces and
poor dim eyes, where royal reason
never was enthroned—the idiots of
Illinois—50 per cent. of them made so
by alcohol; and following these with
rapid, random step, see this long line
of maniacs, whose eyes gleam with a
lurid light that tells of horrid and dis-
torted thoughts, whose manacled hands
clank the chains they evermore must
wear, and remember, more than half
of these were made the wrecks they are
by the beverage around whose sale
your ballot throws the guarantees and
safeguards of the State. But do not
vote yet! Listen! Yonder they come!
Can you not hear the shuffle of the
prison-gang? See the men in striped
garments, and with close-cropped hair;
fully one-half of them are young men,
too, and think what all their industry
and skill might have achieved for the
State, but your money helps to build
living tombs for them where, between
bars and bolts, you pay also for their
board and clothes. But 80 per cent. of
their crimes were committed in the
craze of their alcohol dream.

But do not vote yet! Here marches
solemnly in sable garments the heart-
broken mothers who loved and cared
for these boys who are lost, the sisters
who once were fond and proud of them,
and had been still, except for drink.
Listen to their mournful choros:—
"He cometh not, my heart is dreary;
He cometh not, my heart is weary;
I wish that I were dead!"
Shall their fearful eyes and mourn-
ful voices appeal to you in vain? But
do not vote yet! See the long proces-
sion that now follows the reformed
men of Illinois with ribbons red and
blue. Remember that they have made
a holy resolve against a desperate ap-
petite, and that in keeping that resolve
they have worked by the help of God.
Then think about their daily struggle.
Think of the vow they have taken
against a desperate appetite; think of
their daily struggle in a snare your
vote shall help to tighten or to loosen;
see in each worn but manly face—and
many of them young—a plea for help
from you, and then, in God's sight,
friend, decide upon your duty.
But do not vote yet! For the last of
all, and most significant, I catch the
pattering steps of the little soldiers
nearly muffled into this army of tem-
ptation and of sin, the tender little feet
that walk the dusty road, and choose
where two paths meet, the narrow or
the broad. Oh, I plead with you to
make it safer on our streets for the feet
of the ninety and nine that went not
astray. Before their unsuspecting steps
shall cross its threshold, I pray you
close that open door to shame and
death! Duties are ours, events are
God's! Now vote, and may God deal
with you as you shall deal with these
—your brothers and your sisters—and
with God's little ones. —The Alliance.

Testimonies of noted men on woman's
temperance ballot.

President T. H. Seelye, of Amherst Col-
lege, writes: "I am heartily in favor of a
stringent prohibition of the sale of intoxi-
cating drinks, and I do not wish to oppose such
prohibition by individual towns, though it
seems to me that it should be done by the
State for all the towns within its jurisdic-
tion. Should the question be referred to any
special locality for its decision, I think the
right should be granted to women as truly
men to vote thereupon."
Bishop M. Simpson writes: "My judg-
ment for many years has been that the ban-
ishment of intoxicating drinks could only be
accomplished by allowing woman to have
a voice in settling the question. Deeply inter-
ested as she is, suffering as she has done, it
is but right that her voice should be heard."
Bishop Gilbert Haven says: "I hope the
women of Illinois will succeed in securing
this ballot for the object sought in your so-
ciety, and for all the other objects includ-
ed in your motto—'God and Home and Na-
tive Land.' May we soon have her legal
political help in this work, as we have long
had her sympathies and moral support."
From Edward Eggleston: "If the men
who fancy they have rights in a saloon may
vote for them, why in the name of common-
sense and justice may not women who suffer
such real wrongs vote against them? I like
the way you women of Illinois carry a
charge of cavalry against the great evil. I
give you a cheer from my heart, and almost
wish I were a woman and lived in Illinois
that I might be one of such a band."
Professor Tyler, of Amherst College,
writes: "DEAR FRIEND: With all my
heart I wish you and the good ladies who
are working with you success in your
'Home Protection Movement.' Whatever
may be thought of woman's suffrage in gen-
eral, it would seem that there can be but one
opinion as to the right of woman to be heard
and represented as fully as man in that
which concerns her even more than man,
since it involves all that is most dear to
her—the protection of her home from the
curse of drunkenness."

Governor Talbot, of Massachusetts, as-
sures the women of Illinois of his warm
sympathy in their warfare against their
natural enemy, the dram-shop.
Abby May says: "Certainly it does seem
as if this effort for 'Home Protection' was
in the very right direction, and I heartily
and earnestly hope that some good results
will speedily come from it."

DESTINY.

BY JENNY BURR.

A maiden to her mother gave
A Bible new and fair;
She took it, smiling sweetly grave,
And blessed the giver there.
Its helpfulness words may not tell—
How it divinely led,
Inspired and strengthened, nor how well
It comforted.

A woman sits and reads to-day
A Bible worn and old;
Her hair is turned to silver gray
That once was shining gold.
She reads the Book with reverent brow,
In quiet and alone;
For once it was her mother's; now
It is her own.

SERVED HER RIGHT.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"I'll tell you what I think about it,
girls," and the speaker threw her sun-
hat on the grass, leaned back against
the trunk of a tree, and commenced.
"To begin with, I don't think either
of you have touched the point."

"Hear the logician!" interrupted
one of the number, a tall, sunken-look-
ing girl who had just finished speak-
ing, by name Louise Hebberton, and
looked up at the aristocrat of the class.

"I don't pretend to any logic," replied
the first speaker, "but it seems to me
this is the proper way to look at it:
Our teacher, not satisfied with our
work in composition, has offered for the
best essay something it would be
an honor to have if we were smart
enough to earn it, and that is, the priv-
ilege of assisting in the English depart-
ment."

"Excuse me if I don't see the honor,"
put in Miss Hebberton again. "The
Professor needs help, I am sure, but I
don't see why a girl from our class
should be elected to judge of the work

of other students. I think it's an in-
sult to the rest of us."

Fanny Gillette, the first speaker,
waited with perfect politeness for her
companion to finish, and then she re-
plied good-naturedly: "Illogical
again. As a class we stand very well
in everything but composition. We
all, or nearly all of us, dislike that kind
of work, and we have taken no pains
to disguise the fact. Our essays have
been, as our president says, utterly out
of keeping with our proficiency in other
directions. It is his place to remedy
such a state of affairs, and he has
adopted this plan."

"And so you are going to try for the
position of critic?" said Miss Hebberton
with a slight sneer.
"I think I can do better than I have
ever done before," replied Fanny,
"but I shall fail, because I have really
no talent in that direction. Some of
you girls have a good deal. Now
there's Georgiana Grant!"

"And how would you like to have
her as an assistant teacher next term?"
interrupted Miss Hebberton again with
more scorn than she had yet shown.
"Of course she wouldn't like it," said
Susie Hall, commonly called Miss Hebberton's shadow. "Why, I'd leave the
college before I'd have that snip over
me!"

"Well," said Fanny rising, and put-
ting on her hat, while her face flushed
with anger, "I think you two girls
ought to be ashamed of yourselves.
Georgiana Grant is a natural writer.
I think she has absolute genius, and
she is really the only girl who stands
in need of the influence such a position
will give her."

"That's true," said Miss Hebberton
coolly. "Charity scholars generally
need all the help they can get!"

The foliage was so thick in this spot
that not one of the girls perceived the
approach of the young lady just then
the subject of conversation, who hear-
ing this last rude speech had suddenly
stopped, and now stood as if paralyzed
within sound of every word.

"You are surely the richest girl
in school," Louise Hebberton, said
Fanny in a rage, "and if money makes
such meanness, I'm glad and thankful
I haven't so much! Georgiana Grant
studied hard, and got the scholarship,
and that's more than you could have
done if you'd tried; and she's the only
one among us who ever had a decent
composition. I hope she'll get what
she deserves; and more than that, I
hope you'll get what you deserve; and
without waiting for a reply Miss Gil-
lette turned and left the group. As she
did so, she caught Georgiana who
stood as if she came to the spot. Fanny
tucked her arm in hers, and led her
away. Not a word was spoken until
the kind-hearted girl had seated her
friend in a good spot, which she
called her nook, and then she said,
with a shrug of her pretty shoulders,
which meant that she was determined
to shake off all annoyance,—

"Now don't be a goose, dear, be-
cause I've been here. I ought to have
treated Louise Hebberton's remarks
with silent contempt, but my temper
ran away with me as usual."
Then Georgiana gave up entirely,
and cried as if her heart would break.
"Don't think I meant to listen," she
sobbed. "The first sentence chained
me to the spot, and I seemed to have
no power to move. Miss Gillette,
my father and Miss Hebberton's father
were once partners in business. When
that partnership was formed my father
was rich enough to put one hundred
thousand dollars into the firm. Three
years afterwards he came out without
a dollar, and died with a broken heart.
His partner deliberately cheated him
out of everything."

"And does Louise know of this?"
"Yes, and that's why she hates me.
My mother told me never to speak
of this; but I could not help telling you
so that you might better understand
her motive."

"Oh, dear me," said Fanny, "I al-
most wish you hadn't, for now I shall
dislike her more than ever. It's so
easy to hate folks; and there isn't a
particle of comfort in it, because you
know all the time it is wrong. Now
let's both be sensible. I'll get some-
body to tie my hands behind me, so
that I may keep from scratching her
eyes out, and you must try for the es-
say. I tell you you must," as Geo-
rgiana shook her head. "Write some-
thing stunning, my dear—something
startlingly original, and in the mean-
time don't be silly, for there is nothing so
easy under the sun unless it's to be
wicked."

"Fanny," said Georgiana at last,
"I am honestly afraid of Louise Hebberton; for if I were to occupy a po-
sition a grade only above her, I believe
she would injure me irretrievably."
"It's easy to be a coward, too, my
dear. The wicked do sometimes tri-
umph over the innocent, but the trouble
is that innocent folks hardly ever have
their eyes open. I shall be here as
long as you are, and I will fight your
battles as I would my own, and prob-
ably a little more so," concluded the
young lady with a happy laugh.

For the next few days the young la-
dies were much together. Fanny, who
was a better critic than writer, went
over her friend's manuscript, and
helped her with advice and rare sug-
gestions. In the meantime Miss Hebberton
had evidently altered her mind, and
reported said that she had gone in to
win. Not one in the class doubted
that she would succeed; and Fanny,
and she was sure of her friend. As is
usually the case in such crises as these,
the girls took sides with one or the
other of the acknowledged candidates,
and party feeling ran high.

A few days before the reading of the
essays, Phemie Deane, one of the pre-

paratories, said to Fanny as they exer-
cised together in the gymnasium, "I
know something, Miss Gillette, that I
think as a friend to Georgiana Grant I
ought to tell you."

"If it's anything I ought to be in-
formed of, all right; but if it's gossip,
or something that don't concern me,
keep it to yourself."

"It is not gossip," said Phemie, "but
an actual fact. Miss Hebberton has
completed her essay, I think, entirely
from old novels and many standard
works. If you will come to my room
I'll show you something funny."

Fanny followed her there, and
Phemie took down some books and be-
gan:—

"I was invited last night to hear
Miss Hebberton read her essay. I am
only a preparatory, I know, but I have
been a great reader, and claim to be
pretty well posted in general literature.
This book"—opening a well-preserved
volume—"called 'The Rose of Sharon,'
published twenty-five years ago,
belonged to my mother, and I prize it
very highly, and know everything in
it. This paragraph is stolen bodily;"
and Phemie read several lines of very
flowery description. "She has bor-
rowed again from 'Vanity Fair,' chang-
ing the construction a little, and still
again from Macaulay. My father is a
great admirer of Bacon, and she has
stolen from him in three different places."

"How under the sun did she man-
age to hitch all these authors togeth-
er?" inquired Fanny in amazement.
"Her style must be slightly mixed, I
should think."

"She has displayed great ingenuity.
I must confess," replied Phemie, "but
such abominable plagiarism ought to be
punished."
"Does she know that you have de-
tected her?" asked Fanny.

"No, marm," laughed Phemie, "I
was too wide awake for that. I have
copied all the sentences I discovered,
with their authors, and you can do
what you please with them, only such
a girl as that ought to be thoroughly
exposed."

"I think you are right, and I thank
you very much indeed for your kind-
ness. The Professor shall know, at
any rate; but, Phemie, he will dis-
cover the fraud at once, of course!"
"He may, and he may not. She
has fixed over the Macaulay and Bacon
extracts so skillfully that I doubt if he
does; and some of the books she has
copied from he never saw."

"All right," said Fanny. "I sup-
pose you know how much I dislike
that girl, but I would rather be tied to
a whipping-post than produce such evi-
dence as this."

"I would do it, if I were to be pre-
sented at the reading, but that is impossi-
ble," said Phemie. "I think you're
the one to do it, any way."
So it was decided, and the very next
day the class assembled to listen to the
reading of the essays. Each girl was
to read her own composition. They
were generally creditable, but there
was no particular demonstration of
pleasure until Georgiana commenced
hers, and at almost every sentence she
was interrupted by applause. As she
stepped down from the platform, her
fair face flushed with excitement,
Louise Hebberton passed her on her
way up.

"You think you have conquered,"
she said in a whisper that sounded like
a hiss; and then, as their progress was
impeded for a moment, "Georgiana
Grant, I hate you!"
The face that Miss Hebberton turned
to her audience was a pleasant and in-
tellectual one. Her voice was firm
and well modulated, her dress of the
richest material, and most recherche
make. She wore a solitary diamond
on each hand, and diamond earrings,
beside a diamond cross suspended
from her neck by an expensive chain.
Her bracelets were of solid gold, and
every article of dress, from her six-but-
toned pink kid gloves to her French
kid boots, were in perfect keeping with
the million or more this young lady
was said to be worth.

As she left the platform amid the
most enthusiastic applause, it was
plain to see that the verdict was in her
favor. After some consultation with
several teachers who occupied the plat-
form, the Professor arose and said:
"We have listened to two most schol-
arly and original essays. The others
present a marked improvement to any-
thing we have ever heard before, but
the choice must remain between Miss
Grant and Miss Hebberton. It is diffi-
cult to decide between these, but we
think—"

"Pardon me, Professor," interrupted
Fanny, advancing to the platform,
"but before you speak the final word,
oblige me by examining these slips of
paper."

"Certainly, Miss Gillette," he re-
plied, in evident wonderment, and for
a full moment silence reigned in the
recitation room.

Then the Professor said: "With
your permission, I will retain these.
As usual, Miss Gillette, you are cor-
rect."

Fanny took her seat, and the Profes-
sor continued: "I have no hesitation
in saying, young ladies, that Miss
Grant has fairly distanced all competi-
tors, and I now appoint her as my as-
sistant next term in the English depart-
ment."

The Professor's first impulse was to
expose this dishonest student then and
there; but a little reflection convinced
him that better results would come
from a private reprimand, and so Miss
Hebberton was disciplined by the fac-
ulty.

The next term found her in Europe,
and there she finished her education.

Phemie Deane was appointed libra-
rian, and the president says she knows
more about books than a whole college
full of professors. Fanny Gillette con-
tinues the same sweet-hearted, earnest
friend, and Georgiana bids fair to oc-
cupy a professor's chair.

FINISHED.

An old Spanish proverb says: "When the house
is done the hearth is at the door."

The new house is finished and furnished,
Just as we've planned it for years;
All blinded, and papered, and painted,
In spite of my getting discouraged,
Over and over again;
But John was one of the cheery sort,
And the most hopeful of men,
And now our new house is finished,
And so is my good man's life!

When my children were small and fretful,
I thought my comfort was gone;
When they would be grown up around me,
And this new house was my home.
But I have had double the worry
To follow them out of sight;
I ought to have been glad and happy
When they all were here at night.
Now they are away, the old house gone,
And so is my good man's life!

Thy father was always a Christian,
But I'd not get out of the way,
What with planning, working, and saving,
So steady from day to day.
I forgot how old we were growing,
And so blind I never saw
That just to prepare for another
I sat our life for.

Now it is finished for my good man,
His new home is built above!
—Cambridge Tribune.

For Young and Old.

Only Fun.

.... Why is the nose put in the middle of
the face? Because it is the centre.

.... "Well, Sambo, how do you like your
new place?" "Berry well, massa." "What
did you have for breakfast this morning?"
"Well, your honor, massa, I had three eggs
for herself and gave me de brof."

.... A little boy came to his mother re-
cently and said: "Mamma, I should think,
if I was made of dust, I should get muddy
inside when I drink."

.... A good lady who, on the death of her
first husband, married his brother, has a
portrait of the former hanging in her dining-
room. One day a visitor, remarking the
painting, asked: "Is that a member of your
family?" "O, no," that's my poor brother-in-
law," was the ingenious reply.

.... A little fellow, on going for the first
time to a church where the pews were very
dark, was asked, on coming out, what he did
in the church, when he replied: "I went in
to a cup-board, and took a seat on a shelf."

.... The Rev. Moses Brock was reading a
morning lesson in a church about the woman
that had seven husbands, and finishing the
sentence, "And last of all the woman died,"
he added, by way of comment, "And well
she must."

.... A clergyman being annoyed by some of
his audience going out while he was
preaching took for his text, "Thou art
weighed and found wanting." Soon after
commencing his discourse he said: "You
will please pass out as fast as you are
weighed."

.... A little girl from the country who was
visiting on "Nobility Hill" at Worcester,
where there was a young lady fond of his-
torical study, frequently had her attention
attracted to passages that were read about
the operations of certain armies "on
the frontiers." After pondering the ex-
pression for a long time, her curiosity be-
came too much for the little girl and she
burst out with, "Auntie, what do those peo-
ple do with their back ends?"

.... "There are as good fish in the sea as
ever were caught," exclaimed the young
man who was being subjected to banter on
account of having got the mitten, and his
tormentor ejaculated: "Put the mitten on!
You lose of her? Not!" "Was the victim's quick
response, and it was regarded as making
himself entitled to immunity from further per-
secution."

.... "Marion," said a small boy, who was
anxious to air his newly-acquired knowl-
edge, to his smaller sister, "do you know
that the earth turns around?" "Of course I
do," answered Marion, "that's why I tangle
up out of bed!" — Youth's Companion.

.... "You told me, sir, that the horse was
entirely without fault, and yet he is blind."
The dealer looked blandly into the irritated
countenance of the loser by the transaction
and said, with charming naivete, "I do not
regard blindness as a fault, sir; it is a mis-
fortune."

.... A ruralist sealed himself at a restau-
rant table early and began to read the bill
after keeping three waiters nearly
an hour employed in bringing dishes to him,
he called one of them to him, heaved a sigh,
and whispered as he spread the bill of fare
before him and pointed with

THE WEEK.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, February 17.

The plague has appeared in Kavala, Macedonia.

The village of Meyreghen, Switzerland, has been destroyed by fire.

M. Delbecq, director of the French Mint, has been sentenced for embezzlement to six years' imprisonment and a heavy fine.

The British army have suffered a defeat in the Zulu (South African) country. Forty-eight officers and 500 soldiers were killed, and the British commander, Lord Chelmsford, was forced to retire.

At a Democratic caucus in Washington last night it was voted to move for a repeal of the test oath, Federal supervision of elections, and the Federal jury law; an extra session will be forced if necessary.

The Western Union has entered upon a contest against the new telegraphic movement proposed in Congress.

In the Senate yesterday the Davis resolution in favor of the promotion of agriculture was passed; also the bill for the issue of certificates of deposit in aid of refunding. The Executive, Legislative and Judicial bills were discussed in the House.

Wednesday, February 12.

Forty-four workmen were buried by a sudden fall of earth in Kansas City yesterday; six were killed.

The New York Legislature has passed the bill making grave robbery a felony.

The cattle disease has broken out in Long Island, and the infected districts will be put under quarantine regulations.

A National Conference of colored men, to be held in Nashville, is being arranged.

Reinforcements have been ordered from England to Southern Africa, and 7,000 men will be on their way to the Cape in a few days to reinforce Lord Chelmsford.

The Russian evacuation of Adrianople will begin in ten days.

Yesterday was spent in Congress in the discussion of various matters—no business of importance being transacted. The House was in session with the Omnibus bill, and the Senate has under discussion the bill for the new Congressional library.

Thursday, February 13.

The plague has ceased in Astrakhan.

The British Admiralty has chartered fifteen steamers to carry troops to South Africa.

The strike at Liverpool is extending, and commerce is greatly impeded.

The German Reichstag was opened yesterday with an address by Emperor William.

At a birthday reception given to Peter Cooper at New York, last night, the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the regents of the State University.

President Hayes has recommended to Collector Merritt to fill vacancies in the New York Custom House hereafter by means of competitive examinations.

The Sultan of Morocco is paralyzed, and anarchy prevails throughout his dominions.

A special committee on the Congressional Library building was appointed by the Senate yesterday. The House was occupied with the Legislative, Executive and Judicial bill, but took no final action.

Friday, February 14.

Gen. Grant has arrived at Bombay.

Secretary Sherman has stated that there will be a deficiency in the revenue, of twenty-seven millions of dollars, during the fiscal year.

The British Parliament met yesterday.

A fire in the factories at Paterson, N. J., destroyed property valued at \$300,000.

Ex-Senator Chandler was renominated to the U. S. Senate yesterday.

Some sixty horses, harness sleighs and one hundred and fifty sets of harness were burned at night in the stable in New York known as the "New York Taverners'."

The Chinese Immigration bill is still before the Senate, and the House is still working on the "Omnibus" bill.

Saturday, February 15.

Congressman Burdick, of Illinois, is to be the Director of the Mint.

A crusade has been started in New York against the Omnia company.

The Democrats are wavering in their purpose of forcing an extra session of Congress.

Senator Brewster presided over the Senate yesterday—the first instance of a colored man presiding over that august body.

Rev. George H. Heyworth has resigned the pastorate of the Church of the Disciples, New York.

The city of Arequipa, Peru, was visited, Jan. 5, by the severest earthquake experienced since 1863. Fortunately no damage was done.

Messrs. Blaine, Beck, and Sargent advocated the Chinese Immigration bill yesterday, in the Senate. The bill was passed late in the evening. In the House no business was transacted of public importance.

The most heart-rending reports of suffering, and horror come from Brazil where the famine has been raging for more than a year. Small-pox, yellow fever, beriberi (a peculiar paralytic disease), and pestilence, with the added terrors of the famine, have swept away over half a million of people; and at last accounts a terrible pestilence, similar to the "black plague" of Europe, had broken out.

Monday, February 17.

The Soldiers' Orphans' Home near Xenia, O., was burned Sunday morning; loss over \$75,000. The inmates had a narrow escape.

It is rumored that the President will veto the Chinese Immigration bill which passed the Senate Saturday evening. The House worked for seven hours Saturday on the Omnibus bill. The President has signed the bill permitting women to practice before the Supreme Court.

Mr. Robert Carter, a gentleman of large journalistic and literary experience, died in Cambridge, Mass., on Saturday, aged 60 years.

Rev. Henry H. Jessup, who lived in Syria twenty-three years, says hot weather and strict quarantine will always check the plague.

The first life insurance company incorporated by the legislature of Maine, under the name of the Union Mutual Insurance Company, is one of the oldest life companies in this country. In twenty-eight years it has paid its policyholders, in death claims, endowment policies matured or discontinued and paid before maturity, surrendered policies and dividends, over thirteen million dollars (\$13,111,228.14); and it still holds to their credit, in well-invested funds, the large sum of nearly eight million dollars (\$7,891,671.67).

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

[The report of the Claremont District Ministerial Association, which met at Sunapee, N. H., Feb. 4, has been received, and will appear in the next issue of the Herald.—Ed. Herald.]

Gleanings.—Rev. James Thurston, of Dover, has written an historical sketch of the M. E. Church of that city, which the official board of the Church have published in pamphlet form. The history of the Church dates from 1823. Two of the committee who had charge of the building of the first house of worship are now living—George Piper and J. H. Thibault. The Church has a membership of 400, with thirty probationers.

The Sunday-school numbers 472 members, with an average attendance of 820. With a congregation completely filling the new and spacious house, an excellent religious interest prevailing, and all things harmonious, the society was never so prosperous as now. Old pastors and members of the Dover Church will find this sketch of great interest. It is on sale at ten cents a copy.

Rev. F. M. Pickles, pastor of the M. E. Church at Croydon and Grantham, is seeing his labors blessed. Jan. 19th ten persons were received into the Church at Grantham. The last Presiding Elder's visit for the year, recently made, was much enjoyed by the people, and in the last quarterly conference an excellent feeling was manifested and a good exhibit for the year made.

A course of lectures is being given for the benefit of the M. E. Church at Gorham. Alfred R. Evans, esq., Rev. Mr. Benedict, and Rev. Mr. Chandler are among the lecturers. It is to be hoped the course may be of profit financially as well as in other respects.

Deacon and Mrs. Elias Thatcher, two of the original eighteen members of the Baptist Church in Marlborough, died recently within a few hours of each other, aged respectively 87 and 92 years.

A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN AUTHOR.

Referring to his own complete restoration to health through the use of "Compound Oxygen," after many years of invalidism and exhaustion from overwork, T. S. ARTHUR, the well-known American author, says in his *Home Magazine*, under date of February, 1878:

"Mrs. S. Arkey and Palen are physicians in regular standing, of high personal character, and above the suspicion of quackery or pretense. A new curative agent has come into their possession, and their administration of it, so far, has resulted in restoring to health many who had regarded their ailments as incurable, and in giving back a good measure of health to a large number of invalids who had vainly sought for help through other means of cure."

The testimony of others as well known to the public will be found in our Treatise on the Nature, Action, and Results of "Compound Oxygen." It is mailed free. Address Drs. STARKY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Those desiring to procure a fine assortment of beautiful flowers will do well to address B. P. Critchell, before purchasing elsewhere. See advertisement in another column.

How invigorating to inhale the aromatic odors of the spruce, the pine and the fir! The tonic and healing virtues of these trees are extracted and united with extracts of other medicinal plants and trees to form Dr. QUAIN'S COMPOUND SPRUCE EXTRACT. It cures coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchial affections, and has a wonderful power in stimulating the kidneys to healthy action.

Any of our readers who want to get their music or magazines sold, will find No. 30 Exchange Street a good place for any kind of work in the book-binding business. See the card of Mr. Robert Burden, in another column.

COUGHS.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" will allay irritation which induces coughing, giving relief in immediate relief in Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness, and Consumptive and Asthmatic Complaints. 25c. a box.

"If you would renew the bright scarlet streaming from his neck," ligate the artery, and give him Caswell's "NEW" ELIXIR, for the Blood, and he will soon be strong and well. Prepared only by Caswell & Co., of Boston; proprietors of Caswell's "NEW" ELIXIR, and the beautiful Floss Floss Hair Dressing. For sale by all Druggists.

FAT MAN MADE HAPPY.—LOSES 61 lbs. Prattville, Ala., July 20, 1878.

Gentlemen—About three months ago I commenced using your "Anti-Fat," at which time my weight was 219 lbs. By following your directions carefully I have succeeded in reducing my weight to 158 pounds. This is all very satisfactory and pleasant; but just previous to my commencing the use of your medicine, I had purchased two suits of fine clothes at a high price, and find, to my dismay, that they are entirely useless to me now. When I put one of my coats on, my friends tell me it looks like a coffee sack on a bean-pole, and when I put the pants on, well, description fails. My object in writing is to ascertain whether you have not, in connection with your medicine business, an establishment where your patrons, similarly situated, could exchange these useless garments for others that would fit. I think you ought to have something of the kind, as it would be an inducement for many to use the Anti-Fat, who now object to using it, in consequence of the loss they would sustain in throwing aside valuable garments. Just turn this matter over in your mind. A "Clothing Exchange" is what you want in connection with your Anti-Fat business.

Yours truly, GEORGE BOYD.

From reports, certificates and representations from those who have found in Dr. W. C. Case's Carbolic Acid Tar remedy, we are led to direct the attention of our readers to the following facts: Dr. Case is a highly-educated physician, of extensive experience and large practice, which is rapidly extending throughout the whole country. Many years ago he perfected a system of treating diseases by inhalation so perfect and so satisfactory as to elevate inhalations as a mode of treatment to the highest point of honor in the medical profession.

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES FOR 1878-9. MAINE CONFERENCE.—Steward, A. P. Webster; Education, H. P. Torrey; Temperance, D. W. Leach; Church Extension, James Nixon; Freedmen's Aid, D. B. Sargent; Ministers, C. W. Morse; Conference Relations, Stephen Allen; Mission to Conference, Wm. H. Foster; Zion's Herald, J. Russell Day.

JOHN J. JACQUES, Jr., Editor of C. C. MASON, Jr., Conference.

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT.

All persons attending the New Bedford District Conference, to be held at N. D. Union, March 1-10, paying full fare over the B. & N. R. Railroad, or the Old Colony Railroad, will be furnished with a free ticket. W. H. STREETON.

Attention is called to a notice in the Herald of Feb. 10, of great interest to Local Preachers and Exhorters. W. H. S.

DEDICATION.—The new church edifice on Park square, erected by the First M. E. Church—Lyon Common Society—will be dedicated to the service and worship of Almighty God, Thursday p. m., Feb. 27, preaching at 2.30 p. m., by Rev. Bishop Randolph S. Foster, D. D.; also at 7.30, by Rev. C. D. Foss, D. D., President of Western University. Rev. Luther T. Edwards, D. D., alternate. Former pastors are hereby especially invited. All clergymen are requested to meet in the Ladies' Parlor before the afternoon service.

Grand Organ Concert, Wednesday evening, Feb. 26, 11-1-2 o'clock A. M. C. D. HILLS, Pastor. Lynn, Mass., Feb. 15.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE PRACACHERS' AID SOCIETY, at their meeting on Friday afternoon last, received \$4,500 from the estate of the late Amos B. Merrill. Who will make this fund up to \$10,000.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

R. L. DAY & COMPANY.
Bankers, Brokers, and Stock Auctioneers
Merchants' Exchange Building.
Entrances 31 State Street, 14 Exchange Place
Auction Sales every Wednesday and Saturday, at 11-1-2 o'clock A. M.

Members of the Boston Stock and Exchange Board.
Good City and Town Bonds constantly on hand.

BOSTON, Feb. 15, 1878.

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